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CHAPTERS

IN THE

EARLY HISTORY OF MICHIGAN.*

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From the first settlement of the Canadas by the French to the present time, the country all along the great chain of lakes, has been the theatre of such chapters in history as the world has not witnessed elsewhere. Wild as the Indian tribes that performed such an important part in the historical drama, romantic as the most imaginative could desire, and strange enough to gratify the most credulous, have been the scenes transacted in the great Northwest.

Perhaps no portion of the vast extent of territory embraced in this comprehensive title, possesses more interest than the Peninsular State, and certainly no city in the Union has passed through more vicissitudes, and witnessed more strange events than Detroit. At first a trading post established by the French, then, a military fortification; for years on years an almost continued battle ground; there are many, very many, reminiscences, the recital of which thrills the nerves and chills the very life blood. Nobly has Francis Parkman, Jr., performed the self-imposed task of gathering from the fast-fleeting records of the past, from the rubbish of garrets, from old soiled manuscripts, and from the recollections of those who are rapidly passing away, those facts which by dint of great care and labor, he has arranged and modeled into a "History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac;" a work which deserves the high position it has taken in the literary world, and for which every American should thank the author.

The events of the war of 1812, have been interestingly and faithfully delineated in "Lanman's History of Michigan," and also in a series of lectures delivered before the Detroit Historical Society, and afterwards incorporated into an interesting volume, entitled "Historical Sketches."

Upton, the writer of "Chapters in the Early History of Michigan," devolves a more peaceful task; not the description of the exciting scenes of the battle-field—not the clarion notes of a victorious army; not the war-whoop of the savage, bursting upon the midnight air and awakening the sleeping "*pale face*," to experience the pangs of death by the tomahawk or the prolonged sufferings of captivity and final torture at the stake. These fearful scenes may be incidentally described, but they have not been the object of special research. The more peaceful narration of the emigrant's trials and privations has been sought, the little incidents of every day life, scarcely considered worthy of the historian's pen, yet possessing interest to the children of Pioneers, and not without value to those who love to watch the growth of a rising State, and trace the mighty stream of increasing prosperity back to the little rills from whence it sprang.

*Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1853, by Mrs. Electa M. Sheldon, in the Clerk's Office of the District of Michigan.

To Robert de La Salle belongs the honor of the first exploration of the waters uniting Lake Ontario with Lake Huron. He was a man of genius, enterprise, undoubted talent and indomitable perseverance, and the originator of the plan for a chain of fortifications afterwards established on the water-line in the Northwest.

During the winter of 1678 and '79, he constructed a vessel for the expedition, at Erie, then Fort Frontenac, and "on the seventh day of the month of August, 1679, the bark of sixty tons burden having at length been built, she started on the first voyage which had ever been made upon that inland sea, amid the sound of *Te Deums* and the discharge of arquebuses. This vessel was named the *Griffin* and the image of that animal was carved on her prow. Robert de La Salle was her commander; and Louis Hennepin, the missionary, burning with ardor to make new discoveries, and also the journalist of the expedition was on board. The crew consisted of fur-traders taken from the Canadian colonies. They sounded while they ploughed along the waves of Lake Erie, as they did not know the depth of the water, and on the tenth of the same month, they arrived near the islands which are grouped at the entrance of Detroit River, where they anchored. Hennepin says of the islands, "They are the finest in the world. The strait (of Detroit) is finer than Niagara, being one league broad, excepting that part which forms the lake, *that we have called St. Clair.*"

The explorers, passing up the river, and advancing across Lake Huron, soon landed on the shore of the northern part of the Peninsula of Michigan, and in August they built the old Fort of Michilimackinac."

Hennepin thus describes the scenery along their route: "The country between the two lakes (Erie and Huron) is very well situated, and the soil very fertile. The banks of the strait (Detroit) are vast meadows, and the prospect is terminated with some hills covered with vineyards, trees bearing good fruit, groves and forests so well disposed, that one would think that Nature alone could not have made, without the help of Art, so charming a prospect. That country is stocked with stags, wild goats, and bears, which are good for food, and not fierce as in other countries; some think them better than our pork. Turkey-cocks and swans are there very common; and our men brought several other beasts and birds, whose names are unknown to us, but they are extraordinary relishing."

"The forests are chiefly made up of walnut, chesnut, plum and pear trees, loaded with their own fruit and vines. There is also abundance of timber for building; so that those who shall be so happy as to inhabit that noble country cannot but remember, with gratitude, them who led the way."*

The plan establishing a cordon of forts from Quebec along the lakes and rivers to the delta of the Mississippi, first projected by La Salle, had been matured by the French Government, and was in process of rapid execution before it attracted attention of the English. They then sought to supplant the French in the affections of the Indian tribes along the route, and were so far successful with the Fox or Ottagami Indians, who then occupied the Detroit, as to be enabled by means of the usual interchange of messages and presents to send a trading expedition to Michilimackinac in 1686.

The great advantage of a military establishment on the Detroit River, became now most evident to both French and English. The French had another and safer way of gaining access to the Northern regions, but the English must enter by this route, if they reached that portion of the country at all; and while the English were deliberating upon the matter, the French were pursuing a course of decisive action.

"A great Council was convened at Montreal, at which were present all the distinguished Chiefs of the various tribes occupying the country from Quebec to the Mississippi. It is described by the French historians, as the most numerous and imposing assemblage, ever collected around one council fire, and it was attended by the Governor-general, and

*Lanman's History of Michigan.

all that was noble and powerful in New France. Its discussions, and proceedings, and results were fully recorded, and have come down to us unimpaired. The whole policy of the French intercourse with the Indians was considered, and the wants and the complaints of the various parties made known. The Iroquois stated, that they had understood the French General was about to establish a post upon the Detroit River, and objected strenuously to the measure, because the country was theirs, and they had already prevented the English from adopting the same step. The Governor-general, in answer, informed them, that neither the Iroquois nor the English could claim the country, but that it belonged to the King of France; and that an expedition, destined for this service, had already commenced its march. And we collect from the narrative of the proceedings, that in June, 1701, Mons. de la Motte Cadillac, with one hundred men and a Jesuit, left Montreal carrying with them every thing necessary for the commencement and support of an establishment, and reached this place in the month of July.

Hence then, commences the history of Detroit, and with it, the history of the Peninsula of Michigan. How numerous and diversified are the incidents, compressed within the period of its existence! No place in the United States presents such a series of events, interesting in themselves and permanently affecting, as they occurred, its progress and prosperity. Five times its flag has changed, three different sovereignties have claimed its allegiance, and since it has been held by the United States, its government has been thrice transferred; twice it has been besieged by the Indians, once captured in war, and once burned to the ground.

We have no where a connected account of the progress of this colony; occasional notices are interspersed through the French historians, and detailed descriptions are given of a few of the more important events; but the whole subject is involved in much obscurity. The statistical facts are altogether neglected. We have no comparative estimates of population or production; none of those severe investigations into the character and condition of the country which render modern history so valuable and satisfactory. A small stockaded fort was erected, extending from the present arsenal to Griswold street, and enclosing a few houses occupied by the persons attached to the post and the traders. The whole establishment was slight and rude, intended rather to overawe than seriously to resist the Indians. Only the third year after the position was taken, the Indians in its vicinity were invited to Albany, and many of the Chiefs of the Ottawas actually visited that place. They returned, disaffected to the French interest, and persuaded that the post was established here to restrain and eventually to subdue them. They set fire to the town, but it was fortunately discovered and extinguished before much injury was done. In the same spirit, and about the same time, a war party, on their return from a successful expedition against the Iroquois, paraded in front of the Fort, and attempted to induce the other Indians to join them in an attack. Monsieur de Tonte, who then held the command, detached the Sieur de Vincennes to repulse them. That officer executed the duty with so much valor and ability, that the Ottawas were defeated and in their precipitate flight abandoned their prisoners, who fell into the hands of the French, and were restored to their countrymen.

At that time there were three villages in the vicinity of the Fort. One was a Huron village, the site of which was upon the farm now owned by Col. Jones. Another was a Potawatamie village upon the farm of Mr. Navarre, and the third was a village of the Ottawas, on the opposite shore and above the town. These were permanently occupied, but great numbers occasionally resorted here; and it was evident from many circumstances that the country was populous and the people well supplied."*

Charlevoix, a Jesuit Missionary, who made the tour of the lakes in 1820, gives the following account of the country about Detroit, or Fort Pontchartrain, as the military post was then called:

* Historical Sketches.

"They say this is the finest part of Canada, and indeed to judge of it by appearances, Nature has denied it nothing that can render a country beautiful: hills, meadows, fields, fine woods of timber-trees, brooks, fountains, and rivers, and all these of such good quality, and so happily intermixed that one could scarce desire any thing more. The lands are not equally good for all sorts of grain, but the greatest part are surprisingly fertile, and I have seen some that have produced wheat eight years together without being manured. However, they are all good for something. The Isles seem to have been placed on purpose to please the eye. The rivers, and the lakes, are full of fish; the air pure, and the climate temperate and very healthy.

It is a long time since the situation, still more than the beauty of the strait has made us wish for a considerable settlement here: It was pretty well begun fifteen years ago, but some reasons which are kept secret, have reduced it very low. Those who did not favor it said, first, that it brought the peltry of the North, too near the English, who, selling their merchandize to the savages cheaper than ours, would draw all the trade to New York.—Second, that the lands of the Strait were not good, that the surface to the depth of nine or ten inches is only sand, and under this sand there is a clay so stiff, that water cannot penetrate it; whence it happens that the plains and the inner parts of the woods, are always covered with water, and that you see in them, only little oaks badly grown, and hard walnut trees; and that the trees standing always in the water, their fruit ripens very late.

"But to these reasons they reply, it is true, that in the environs of Fort Ponchartrain the lands are mixed with sand, and that in the neighboring forests there are some bottoms that are almost always full of water. Nevertheless, these very lands have yielded wheat eighteen years together, without being manured, and one need not go far to find some that are excellent. As for the woods, without going far from the Fort, I have seen some in my walks, which are no ways inferior to our finest forests.

* * * * * * *

"The Strait is one of the countries of Canada, where a botanist might make the most discoveries. I have already observed that all Canada produces a great many simples which have great virtues. There is no doubt that the snow contributes greatly to it: but there is in this place a variety of soil, which, joined to the mildness of the climate, and the liberty which the sun has to warm the earth more than in other places, because the country is more open, gives room to believe that the plants have more virtue than in any other place.

One of my canoe-men lately proved the force of a plant which we met with every where, and the knowledge of which is very necessary for travellers: not for its good qualities, for I never yet heard it had any, but because we cannot take too much care to shun it. They call it the flea-plant: but this name does not sufficiently express the effects it produces. Its effects are more or less sensible, according to the constitution of those who touch it. There are some persons on whom it has no effect at all; but others, only by looking on it, are seized with a violent fever, which lasts above fifteen days, and which is accompanied with a very troublesome itch on the hands, and a great itching all over the body. It has an effect on others only when they touch it, and then the party affected, appears all over like a leper. Some have been known to lose the use of their hands by it. We know no other remedy for it as yet, but patience. After some time, all the symptoms disappear.

There are also in the Strait, some lemon* trees in the natural soil, the fruit of which have the shape and color of those of Portugal, but they are smaller and of a flat taste. They are excellent in conserve. The root of this tree is a deadly and very subtile poison, and at the same time a sovereign antidote against the bite of serpents. It must be pounded, and applied directly to the wound. This remedy takes effect instantly, and never fails.

On both sides of the Strait, the country, as

*Probably the Paw Paw.—Ed.

they say, preserves all its beauty, for about ten leagues within land: after which they find fewer fruit trees, and not so many meadows. But at the end of five or six leagues, inclining towards the Lake Erie to the south-west, one sees vast meadows which extend above a hundred leagues every way, and which feed a prodigious number of those cattle, which I have already mentioned several times."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

And Then?

The oracle of the beautiful sequestered little hamlet of Ambermead, was an old gentleman of unobtrusive and orderly habits, whose peculiar taciturnity had obtained for him the familiar cognomen of Two Words. Mr. Canute, alias Two Words, dwelt on the outskirts of the village, tended by an ancient housekeeper, almost as chary of speech as her worthy master. It was surmised that Mr. Canute had seen better days; but though his means were straitened, his heart was large and his countenance expressed great benevolence.—Notwithstanding the brief mode of speech which characterised him on all occasions, the advice of Mr. Canute was eagerly sought on every subject whereon it was presumed advice would be profitable; and the simple rustics of Ambermead perhaps valued it the more, because, though delivered without a particle of pomposity, the terseness and decision of the words expended, left an indelible impression, which long sermons often failed to convey.—Mr. Canute lived on terms of intimacy with the family at the old Hall—an intimacy cemented by early associations, for Mr. Harwell and Mr. Canute had been school-fellows; and when a painful and lingering illness attacked the squire, his ancient friend and crony felt deep anxiety as to the ultimate fate of Mr. Harwell's only child—the good and lovely Clara Harwell. The disease was an incurable one; though the suffering might be protracted, there was no hope of recovery, and an air of gloom reigned over the village of Ambermead, where once the sweet spring and summer tide brought only sport and glee. Ambermead was noted for a profusion of rich red roses, exhaling delicious fragrance; and for the song of innumerable nightingales, whose harmonious concerts resounded amid the umbrageous groves, sheltering the hamlet on every side, and extending beyond the old Hall of Ambermead. But now, although the roses bloomed and the birds sang, serious faces looked from the cottage doors; and while the younger villagers forgot their usual pastimes, the elders conversed apart in whispers, always directing their glances towards the hall, as if the sufferer within those thick walls could be disturbed by their conversation. This sympathy was called forth not only by the circumstance of Mr. Harwell being their ancestral landlord, the last of an impoverished race, but from his always having lived among them as a friend and neighbor—respected as a superior and loved as an equal. Their knowledge, also, of the squire's decayed fortune; and that on his death, the fine old place must become the property of a stranger, whom rumor did not report favorably of—greatly enhanced the concern of those hereditary cultivators of the soil; and many bright eyes grew dim thinking of poor Miss Clara, who would so soon be fatherless, and almost penniless.

The estate of Ambermead was strictly entailed in the male line, and the next heir was of distant kin to the Harwells. A combination of misfortunes, and no doubt of imprudence, in years long-by-gone, had reduced the present proprietor to the verge of ruin, from which he was to find refuge only in the grave. The Harwell family had lived in Ambermead for centuries. They seem so much to belong to their poor neighbors, who always sympathized most fully in all the joys and sorrows of the "Hall folks," that now, that there was a certain prospect of losing them forever as it seemed, the parting became more than a common one between landlord and tenant—between rich and poor—it was the parting of endeared friends.

They watched and waited for Mr. Canute passing to and fro, as he did every day, and more than once a day; and on his two words they hung, as if life or death were involved in that short bulletin.

"How is the squire to-day?" said one.

"No better," replied Mr. Canute, without stopping.

"And how's Miss Clara?" inquired another, with pity in his looks.

"Very patient," responded the old man, still moving slowly on with the aid of his stout staff.

"Patient!" repeated several voices when he was out of hearing. "Yes, yes, patient enough —and Master Canute means a deal when he says patient. Bless her young sweet face! there's patience in it, if ever there was in mortal's."

Mr. Canute's patience was sorely taxed by questioning at all hours; he was waylaid first by one, then by another, on his way from his own cottage to the hall, but with unfailing good nature and promptitude, he invariably satisfied the affectionate solicitude of his humble neighbors—in his own quaint way, certainly—never wasting words, yet perfectly understood.

The summer-tide was waning into autumn, and the squire of Ambermead faded more gradually than autumn leaves, when late one evening a wayfarer stopped at Mr. Canute's cottage, which was on the roadside, and requested permission to rest, asking for a draught of water from the well before the porch.

"Most welcome," said Two Words, scanning the stranger, and pleased with his appearance, for youth and an agreeable countenance are sure passports; perhaps, too, Mr. Canute discerned gentle breeding in his guest, despite travel-soiled habiliments, and a dash of habitual recklessness in his air. At any rate, the welcome was heartily given, and as heartily responded to; and when Mr. Canute left his dwelling, in order to pay his usual evening visit at the Hall, he merely said, addressing his young visitor, "Soon back;" and turning to Martha, the careful housekeeper, added "Get supper;" while on stepping over the threshold, second thoughts urged him to return and say to the young man, "Don't go."

"No, that I wont," replied he frankly, "for I like my quarters too well. I'll wait till you come back Governor; and I hope you wont be long, for my mouth waters for the supper you spoke of."

Mr. Canute smiled and walked away more briskly than usual; and after sitting for some time beside the sick man's bed, and bidding "Good night," and "Bless you," to Clara Harwell, he retraced his steps homeward, and found supper ready, and the handsome stranger so obviously ready to do justice to the frugal fare, that Mr. Canute jocularly remarked, "Keen air," to which the stranger replied in the same strain, "Fine scenery;" on which the host added, "An artist?" when the youth laughing outright, said, "An indifferent one indeed." After a pause, and suffering his mirth to subside, he said, "Are you always so economical in words, sir?" Don't you sometimes find it difficult to carry on conversation in this strain?"

"You don't," replied Mr. Canute, smiling good-naturedly.

"Not I," replied the youth; "and I want to ask you half a hundred questions. Will you answer me?"

"I'll try."

"I've not long to stay, for I'm on a walking tour with a friend; but I diverged to Ambermead, as I was anxious to see it. I've had a curiosity to see it for a long while; but my friend is waiting for me at the market town, eight miles off, I think, and I shall strike across the country when the moon is up, if you'll give me a rest till then."

"Most welcome," said Mr. Canute courteously.

"Ah, ah!" quoth the stranger, "if that's the way you pursue your discourse, I don't think I shall learn much from you. I hope, however, that I may get a wife who will follow your example—a woman of two words, in short, she'll be a rare specimen of her sex!"

"Ah ha!" ejaculated Mr. Canute.

"But come, tell me, for time presses," said the young man suddenly becoming grave— "tell me all about Ambermead, and the Squire —how long he's likely to last. For, in fact the friend I mentioned, who is with me during

this walking tour, is vastly interested in all that concerns the place and property."

"The heir?" whispered Mr. Canute mysteriously.

"Well, suppose we say he is; he's not altogether a bad fellow, though he is considered a bit reckless and wild. But he has heard of Clara Harwell's beauty and goodness, from his cousin, Lady Ponsonby—she's Clara's cousin, too, you know;—and he is really quite sorry to think that such a lovely creature should be turned out of the old Hall to make room for him. He wants to know what will become of her when old Harwell dies, for all the world knows he's ruined. It's a pretty place, this old Ambermead—a paradise, I should say. I know what I'd do if I was ever lucky enough to call it mine." The youth rubbed his hands gleefully. "I should be a happy dog then."

"And then?" said Mr. Canute, smiling.

"Why then, I'd pull down the rickety old house there, and build a palace fit for a prince; I'd keep nothing but the old wine; I'd have lots of prime fellows to stay with me; and I should sport the finest horses and dogs in the country." Here the speaker paused, out of breath.

"And then?"

"Why then, I'd hunt and shoot and ride, and drink and smoke and dance, and keep open house, and enjoy life to the full—feasting from year's end to year's end—'the feast of reason and the flow of soul,' you know, in old Ambermead."

"And then?"

"Why, then, I suppose that in time, I sho'd grow old like other people, and cease to care for all these things, so much as I did when strength and youth were mine."

"And then?"

"Why then"—and the stranger hesitated—"then I suppose like other people in the course of nature, I should have to leave all the pleasures of this life, and. like other people—die."

"And then?" said Mr. Canute, fixing his eyes, glittering like diamonds, on the young man's face, which flushed up, as he exclaimed with some irritation—

"O, hang your 'and thens?' But the moon is well up. I see, so I'm off. Good night and thank you." And without further parley, he started off on his walk over the hills; and Mr. Canute silently watched his guest's retreating figure, till in the deep shadows of the surroun ding groves, he was lost to view. In the moonlight, in the darkness. in the valley, and on the hill-side, these words haunted the wayfarer, and he kept repeating to himself, "And then?" Thonghts took possession of his mind that never before had gained entrance there, or at least they arranged themselves in a sequence which gave them quite new significance. His past life presented itself to him for the first time as a coherent chain of events exemplifying cause and effect; and if his plans for the future did not at that moment receive any determinate change, he still kept repeating anxiously and inquiringly, as he wandered on in the moonlight, the two strangely suggestive words "And then?" It proved a long and toilsome night's journey for that belated traveller; for he had left Mr. Canute's cottage so hastily, that he had omitted to ask for certain landmarks on the hills leading to the place whither he was bound. In consequence, the stars faded in the sky, and the rosy morn broke through the eastern mists, ere the weary man, from the summit of a high hill which he had tortuously ascended, beheld afar off, down in the valley, the shining river, and the bridge, and the church tower of the town where his friend, in anxiety, awaited his re-appearance.

During all his after life, that young man never forgot the solitary night walk when he lost his way beneath a beautiful spangled summer sky; the stars seemed to form the letters "And then?" the soft night-breeze seemed to whisper in his ear "And then?"

It is true, he had not gained the intelligence he sought respecting the inmates of Ambermead Hall; but he had laid bare his own folly for the inspection of Mr. Canute; and in return, he had not listened to any reproof—no tiresome lecture vouchsafed from prosy age

to ardent youth, but simply two words alone had penetrated his heart, and set him a thinking seriously. Mystic little words!—"And then?"

For nearly three years after Mr. Harwell's decease, the old Hall, contrary to general anticipation, remained untenanted, save by domestics left in charge. Miss Clara had found shelter with her relative, Lady Ponsonby, though her memory was still fresh and warmly cherished among the humble friends in her beautiful native village. Mr. Canute, if possible more silent than ever, still remained the village oracle; perhaps more cherished than of yore, inasmuch as he was the only memento remaining, of the beloved Harwells—the old familiar faces now seen no more. He would listen, and they would talk, of days gone by; he felt the loss even more than others, for he mourned a companion and friend in Mr. Harwell, and Clara had been to the good Two Words as an adopted daughter. At length it was rumored that Mr. Selby, the new proprietor, was soon expected to take possession of the property in due form; moreover, that he was on the point of marriage, and that his young bride would accompany him. Ill reports fly quickly; and it had been circulated in former times that Mr. Selby was wild and extravagant, careless of others, selfish, profligate. Indeed Mr. Canute had not contradicted such reports, so it was generally opined they were too true, and had a legal foundation. With heavy hearts the inhabitants of Ambermead commenced their rural preparations for the reception of the Squire and his bride; green arches were erected, and wreaths of flowers were hung on the spreading branches, beneath which the travellers' road lay. It was the season of roses and nightingales, when Ambarmead was in its glory; and never had the rich red roses bloomed so profusely, and never had the chorus of the groves been more full and enchanting, than on the summer evening when the old and the young of the hamlet, arrayed in their holiday attire, awaited to greet the new comers.

Mr. Canute stood at his cottage door; the bridge just beyond, over which the route conducted to the Hall through avenues of greenery, was festooned with roses; and a band of maidens in white lined the picturesque approach. The sun was setting, when a carriage drove quickly up, slackened its pace as it crossed the bridge, and stopped at Mr. Canute's humble gate. Two Words, himself, bareheaded, stepped forward on seeing a lady alight, who in another moment, threw herself into his arms, exclaiming, "Our first greeting must be from you, dear, dear Mr. Canute! I need not introduce Mr. Selby—he is known to you already."

Speechless from astonishment and emotion, the old man could only say "Miss Clara," as he gazed from one to another, recognizing in the gentleman the wayfaring guest who had departed so abruptly on his walking expedition over the moonlight hills, more than three years previously. Seizing the hand which Mr. Canute silently extended, Mr. Selby said with deep feeling:—

"It is to your instrumentality that I owe my present happiness."

"How so?" was Mr. Canutes reply, looking with pleased surprise into the open face, which on former occasions, had won his confidence and admiration.

"Two words spoken in season wrought a change in me which all the preaching of friends and guardians had failed to effect," returned Mr. Selby, "and without which Clara would never have blessed me with her hand. Thes years of probation have proved my sincerity; and Lady Ponsonby—a severe and scrutenizing judge—pronounced my reformation complete, ere she permitted me to address Clara.—These two little words, 'And then?' enigmatically to the uninitiated, convey a deep and mystical meaning to my heart; and they are of such significant import, that by inserting them whenever I paint the future, I trust to become a wise and a better man."

Clara gazed proudly and confidingly on her husband; and the news of her arrival having spread through the village, a crowd collected, whose joy and delight found vent in tears and blessings, to say nothing of the numerous asides, purporting that Miss Clara never wo'd

have espoused a bad man; *ergo*, Mr. Selby must be a worthy successor of the ancient race.

The prognostication proved correct; and the pathway, strewn with bright summer roses over which Clara trod in bridal pomp on her way to the ancestral home where she was born, was indeed emblematical of the flowery path which marked her future destiny.

The old Hall of Ambermead is still extant —a fine specimen of venerable decay, surrounded by uncestral groves, still famed for sheltering innumerable nightingales when the Ambermead roses exhale their delicious fragrance. In the old church yard on the green hill-side, a white monument gleams the sunshine, whereon may be traced the name of John Canute, specifying the date of his happy death, while below is engraven this inscription of two words—"AND THEN?"—*Chambers Edinburgh Journal.*

Four Chapters of a White Lie.

CHAPTER I.

"How unfortunate! Mamma writes me that she can't find her emerald bracelet. Now I dont dare tell her that I have lost it, as you remember I did, returning from Mrs. Lacy's party. It is the last gift of my father, and very valuable. I'm sure I don't know what to do." And Lena Atley threw the letter impatiently down.

"It's well you are here in New York," replied her queenly cousin, shaking the heavy curls from her shoulders, as she looked up unwillingly from her book, "what does aunt say!"

"She wishes to know if, by mistake, I could have brought it on, or if I remember when I last saw it, and where?"

"Easily answered, little simpleton. Just tell her, in a general way, that you wonder at her for thinking you so careless as to bring it on here, and say that before you went to the party, you saw it fastened to the toilet cushion in her room—you know you dressed there."

"But won't that be a falsehood, almost?" urged Lena, timidly.

"A fiddlestick, you little puritan; where's the lie? You havn't brought it to New York, have you? You *did* see it on your mother's toilet table, didn't you? You *must* learn to distinguish between a prudent way of getting over a matter and sheer falsehood, you little country bit of perfection."

Lena seemed satisfied, she could not brook the sneer of her beatiful cousin—nor could she bear the term puritanical, which her fashionable New York relative styled her act of conscience. The letter was written, sealed, and sent; but that night, in the midst of splendid throngs, Lena's heart beat with shame for the deed at which conscience rebelled.

CHAPTER II.

"Mary come here: I want to see you alone a moment;" and Mrs. Atley entered her dressing room, followed by her handsome, innocent-looking little chamber-maid.

"Mary, I have lost my emerald bracelet," she said firmly, when she had seated herself. "I want to know if you remember seeing it."

Mary turned pale. She was extremely timid, and the thought that she might be even suspected, frightened her exceedingly.

When she answered, her voice trembled.—"Indeed ma'am, I don't think I have seen it at all."

"But Mary," and her voice grew sterner, "Lena writes that the last time she saw it, it was in this room, on last Wednesday week.—That night I left you here alone. I am positive that no one but myself has since been in. I missed it that very night,—tell me if you have taken it—find it—return it to me, and I will forgive you."

"O! Mrs. Atley, indeed I don't know any thing about it," exclaimed the girl, beginning to wring her hands with a look of terror; "I *never* was a thief—my mother will tell you that. She brought me up to the Sunday school and good things. I'd sooner spill my heart's blood than take it."

"Hush, Mary! protestations will do no good; your looks are guilty. The bracelet couldn't have gone without hands—reflect a moment. The best of girls give way sometimes to temptation. You said first you didn't *think* you had seen it."

"O! now indeed I remember. It seems as if Miss Lena had it;" repeated the girl, trembling so she could hardly stand upright. "I do think—I believe I saw it on her arm; yes, I am *sure* Miss Lena must have taken it to wear to the party."

"That is the coolest impudence I have heard yet," exclaimed Mrs. Atley, her lips quivering with passion; "I might have forgiven you, had you told me the truth. But the charge you make against my daughter—the soul of candor itself—place you entirely out of the reach of my sympathy.

"I am astonished! confounded at your duplicity, no less than convinced by your manner. No honest girl would blush and stammer, and then turn pale—or turn her guilt upon another. I shall dismiss you if you do not restore the bracelet. I heard you speak of it, I saw you look at it that evening, but the thought never entered my mind that you would steal. If I do not get the bracelet soon, very soon, I shall write to William Harmon, and do you think he will marry you, when he learns that you have been suspected as a thief? You may take till to-morrow to restore me my property—you know I do as I say."

With a cheek white as any corpse, and a wild light in her glazed eyes, Mary tottered from the room, felt her way along the entry, (for darkness seemed to have fallen upon her,) up the stairs, into her own little chamber.—There falling headlong on the floor, she laid in silent, bitter agony. Her spirit was almost broken. Where now all her happy dreams? Dashed like a temple by some strong wind—their ruins choked up her heart. The long, sunny road was darkened. The little cottage, with its honeysuckles, its garden, its fruit trees, struck by pitiless lightning. The preacher and the altar, the manly form of her William, with his honest dark eyes—shut from her guiltless thought, by the cloud of doubt; of horrid accusation. Visions of officers and jails, and witnesses, and disgrace, floated before her.

For a long while she laid there, but at length slowly rising, her brain beating with a dull, heavy throb, she clasped her hands, and broke into the wildest grief.

"I'll *never* go home—I'll kill mother! the little children shall never know they had a thief for a sister, and as to William—God help me—we were going to married so soon—I was *so* happy. But I can't meet his eye now; I can't be his wife now—I can't *prove* anything. I *was* in the dressing room; I did ask Miss Lena what did the pretty thing cost, and when she said five hundred dollars, I did say, "oh how nice it would be to have all that money." O! I'm ruined—I'm ruined! Mother did I leave home for this?"

Away in the dark night has that girl gone—the burden of suspicion crushing her life out. On, on she hurries—she so fearful of the dark—she who had nursed a hundred idle little superstitions of ghosts and faries. Night, with its cloudy arms, welcomes her now, and covers her innocent shame from the sight of even inanimate things by the way-side.

CHAPTER. III.

"Mrs. Lacy's compliments, ma'am, here's the bracelet Miss Lena wore. She heard she'd lost it, ma'am, but hadn't no idea that it was in her house—but it got dropped between the cushions on the sofa, she expects—and she's very glad she's found it, ma'am, for Miss Lena felt so bad."

"That poor child!" was Mrs. Atleys exclamation, as she took the parcel mechanically and returning to her room placed it upon her toilet table. "I have almost broken her heart—I have sent her away despairing—I shall never forgive myself."

And had her own daughter deceived her thus? The thought was death to her fond hopes. She threw the bauble on her dressing table, and sat down, overwhelmed with distress. Her first thought was to write Lena, her second to inform poor Mary by letter, as speedily as possible; and she had just seated herself for the latter purpose, when a hurried knock startled her, and a pale woman stood before her, exclaiming with startling voice and manner, "Mrs. Atley, where is my child! For God's sake, where have you sent my child? I heard nothing from her—I came to see if she was sick, and the servants tell me she is gone

—gone where? Tell me or I shall go crazy!

Her distress was fearful when she had listened to Mrs. Atley's broken words of self-accusation.

"Where *shall* I go? where shall I find my poor child? O, Mrs. Atley, I hold you responsible for the life of my poor girl. And she had such a dread of the jail—and she had no courage at all! Where shall I find my poor child? Oh, Mary, where are you this hour?"

It is a fearful thing to charge the innocent unjustly—to listen not to the prayers of the helpless—to judge with harshness, those who have none to plead their cause.

CHAPTER IV.

"Why Lena, you look like a ghost. An hour ago your cheeks were as red as roses.—What is the matter, my *petite* cousin?"

Lena said nothing; and her face seemed to change to a deadlier hue, as she pointed to a single paragraph.

"I have found the bracelet; but I fear its loss and your deception, have caused the death of poor Mary Gres. Nobody knows where she is; we have been searching for two days, and have come to the conclusion that she has destroyed her life through fear and too great sensitiveness. My child, what an awful lesson is this."

The evil counsellor kept silence. She dare not reply when charged with tempting her to wear the bracelet, and then to cover her fault. In an hour Lena was ready and on her way home. Early in the morning she was driving rapidly through the town adjacent to her own. Her path lay through thick woods. The sun slept red and warm on the wayside flowers.—The birds sang as if they were singing the first jubilee song of creation. Everything seemed happy and holy but that one young heart.

She had reached within a mile of her mother's house, when a haggard face passed by the carriage. She knew it. It was Mary's lover—and a deathly faintness dimmed her vision, as on looking back she saw him crouching forward, and beating his forehead, as if in great agony or utter despair.

Other voices were heard, and the tramp of many feet. And they bore near the carriage, that slackened in speed as the mournful group passed by, a limp, dead body. It was poor Mary; she had perished in the woods a victim to angry suspicion, and a "harmless white lie.' —*Olive Branch.*

For the Cabinet

"Learn from Nature, Nature's God."

BY EMILLIA.

When midnight o'er the tranquil Earth,
In solemn silence steals,
And the broad concave of the sky
Unnumbered worlds reveals—
When scattered o'er the distant heavens,
Ten thousand storms appear;
Who does not read Jehovah's name
In every rolling sphere!

When Morning from the glowing east
Looks forth with glances sweet,
And Earth embathed in dewy tears,
His glad approach doth greet;—
With thoughtful heart, refreshed and calm,
Go wander thou abroad,
And like a docile scholar learn
A lesson of thy God.

Let every thing of buoyant life
That greets thy thoughtful eye,
Each insect fluttering on the wing,
Each bird that soars on high,—
Each shrub, each plant, each lowly flower,
Each waving forest tree,
Each leaf that decks the summer bower,
Alike thy teacher be.

Go ask the Ocean, as it heaves
Its restless billows high—
Ask the hoarse thunder as it rolls
In grandeur through the sky;—
Go stand on Hecla's summit gray,
And watch the curling flame,—
And ask, for they can well declare
The greatness of His name.

Go where Niagara's thunder-tone
Unceasing echoes wakes,
As wildly o'er the frowning ledge
The rushing torrent breaks;—
Then view the rainbow's glowing arch
Hang sweetly o'er the flood,
And learn from all thine eyes behold
The greatness of thy God.

Learn from the lowliest flower that blooms,
Learn from the loftiest tree,
Learn from the light-winged breeze that floats
In sweetness o'er the lea;—
Learn from the wild bird's plaintive song
Learn from the insect's wing—
From Nature learn, where'er thou art,
Of her Creating King.

Dundee, 1853.

O. A. Bullard

The following brief history of the distinguished Artist, Mr. O. A. BULLARD, is taken from the American Biographical Sketch Book, and from other authentic sources. The Sketch Book contains the lives of 128 distinguished living, self-educated men, and in it Mr. Bullard is properly assigned a conspicuous place, as being one of the noble few, in our country, who have by their own exertions, been elevated from adversity to a high and honorable renown. The crowning work of Art, by Mr. B., and the one which above all others is now winning for him a wide and enviable fame, is his Panorama of New York city, a painting of rare truthfulness and perfection, which cost him four years' incessant toil, and was attended with an expense of over $15,000.

O. A. BULLARD,

Was born at Howard, Steuben County, N. Y., on the 25th of February, 1816. His parents came from Massachusetts, and were among the earliest settlers of Steuben County. His father was a farmer of good repute. When the latter died, the subject of this sketch was fourteen years of age, and he was apprenticed to the business of wagon making and sign painting, those branches being frequently united in many of our villages. His love for the fine arts was first awakened, by the arrival of a portrait painter in that place.—Eager to obtain some knowledge of the art he exerted himself to the utmost to raise the ways and means, and applied for instruction; but the artist refused to disclose any of his professional secrets. At that period he was eighteen years of age, and the productions of this painter, were the first oil paintings he had ever seen. Ever afterwards, his mind was fixed upon painting, and although the way did not then appear, an artist he was determined to become. With this view he desired to leave his trade, for the purpose of obtaining instructions in some of the distant cities; but at the earnest entreaties of his mother, who could not bear the idea of parting with him, he remained. All his spending money was laid out in books: but he searched in vain for any that gave information on painting.

At this juncture, a friend of his, a young physician, patiently waiting, like many others, for gray hairs, to entitle him to confidence, agreed "to sit for his likeness." He was in his glory, as with a painter's pencil odds and ends of brushes, and the premises all to himself and his "subject," he commenced his first portrait. It was, we presume, with some such feeling as that of an orator making his debut, or a general about to fight his first battle.

The portrait was declared to be excellent, and to his gratification it was pronounced greatly superior to those painted by the professional artist. All the people declared that it was like life itself; and in truth, there was no fear of his falling into the difficulty of a certain artist who, having painted a horse thought it necessary for the information of persons not judges of the fine arts, to inscribe underneath the animal, "This is a Horse.

When of age, Mr. Bullard visited Massachusetts and Connecticut where he found friends who gave him the requisite instructions. He then commenced business as a portrait painter, at Hartford, where he met with good success. During several subsequent years, he painted portraits in Massachusetts, and in the western part of the State of New York.

In 1841 he married the eldest daughter of A. A. Olmstead, Esq., and since the winter of 1843, he has made New York city, his permanent place of residence.

There probably is no Artist now living, of Mr. Bullard's age, that has labored harder, or applied himself more closely to his Profession, for the last fifteen years. He has illustrated *a fact* that has been illustrated by a great many individuals, viz: that God gives nothing to mortals without labor—it is labor that produces everything. There is no doubt of the fact that it is the duty of every man, more especially every young man, to find out what Trade or Profession God intended him for, and then after ascertaining that fact, to devote the whole powers of his mind to the accomplishment of that *one* object, viz: to *excell* in that trade or profession. It makes no difference whether a man shoes a horse, makes a

boot, shoves the foreplane, paints a picture, or preaches a sermon—whatever he does he should *do well.* Mr. Bullard like all men who have distinguished themselves, has acted upon this principle. Early in life the idea was strongly impressed upon his mind that God made him an Artist. Previous to his settling down in New York city, to distinguish himself, he had painted the portraits of *Eight Hundred* different individuals. It is the vast amount of labor that Mr. Bullard has performed and *that only,* that has earned for him the reputation he now enjoys of being one of the brightest jewels of the American School of Artists. He went to New York with the determination to distinguish himself in his Profession, and although he was not known to a single individual in that city, he formed a resolution to *earn* for himself in time, a reputation that should be world-wide. The word *fail* was not found in Mr. Bullard's Dictionary.

After painting the portraits of over one hundred different individuals, residing in New York city and vicinity, he believed he could do more good by painting works that should carry a moral with them. The most of his works have been those that illustrated the manners and customs of American Life and History. His first great painting, was, "The Last Blanket." All who are familiar with American History, will recollect that, during the Revolution, when our army were suffering for clothing and food at Valley Forge, that tax gatherers were sent by General Washington, to collect of the people whatever they could give for the support of the army. Upon one occasion, one of these tax gatherers called upon a widow woman who had one babe—that babe was asleep, wrapped in the widows only blanket, but such was her interest in the cause of American Independence, that she took from her own shoulders her shawl, wrapped her child in it, and handed her only blanket to the tax gatherer, to carry to the soldiers of the Revolutionary Army. That scene was the subject of this great picture; and it was sold to the American Art Union, and was drawn by Mr. I. H. Brown, of New York city. His second, and probably his greatest work, was "The Daughter's appeal." All have read of Ethan Allen. He was a brave and generous man, but he was an infidel. He wrote a book on infidelity, called the Oracles of Reason. The wife of Ethan Allen was a devoted pious lady—a member of the Presbyterian Church. She had a number of daughters, all of whom believed the Doctrines their mother had taught them, with the exception of the eldest. This girl's mind had been biased by the influence of her father, and she was inclined to believe the doctrine of infidelity. At the age of eighteen, she lay upon her death bed. She sent for her father to come to her room, and she addressed him in these words: "Father I must die; I must meet my God; now, dear Father, tell me, shall I believe the doctrines that you have taught me, or shall I believe the doctrines that my mother has taught me?" The brave old soldier that could face a cannon's mouth and not flinch a hair, when this question was addressed to him, he hesitated, dropped his head, the tears trickled doown his cheeks, and he said with empathis: *"Daughter, believe the doctrine your mother has taght you!"* This scene, "The Daughters Appeal," was the subject of his second great Painting—it was sold to the Art Union, and drawn by Geo. J. J. Barber, of Homer, N. Y. His 3rd great Painting was "Nathan Hale, just before his execution." This was sold to the American Art Union, and drawn by a western man. His fourth great Painting, was "Captain John Smith and Pocahontas." All will recollect the scene—this was sold to the Art Union.

Among his other productions are "Judith in the tent of Holofernes," "Horse Trade," and "Sam Slick."

He is at present engaged upon several pieces of stirring incident, in our own revolutionary history.

In conclusion we may safely say, that if he continues his hard study and close application, there is no danger that the American school of Painting will lose aught in his hands.

"Take time to deliberate; but when the time for action arrives stop thinking."

The Five Dollar Bill.

OR

CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME.

BY MRS. S. P. DOUGHTY.

"Have you any money to spare, Henry?" asked Mrs. Williams, as her husband was about leaving the house to go to his daily employment. The children are much in need of shoes and some other little things, and I owe a dollar to the lady who has been sewing for me lately."

"Money is rather hard to get just now, Lucy," was the reply, "but still the children must have shoes, and honest debts must be paid.—Here is a five dollar bill. Will that answer your purpose?"

"Perfectly well. I am glad to have it today, for I shall probably be at leisure to make my little purchases. Mary took cold yesterday, from damping her feet, and Ellen's shoes are far too thin for the season."

"By all means, attend to it directly," replied the husband. "Health is not by any means to be disregarded. The seeds of many a fatal disease are often sown by taking a slight cold."

Mr. Williams departed, and his wife proceeded to attend to her domestic duties, which, owing to her husbands limited income, devolved in a great measure upon herself.

An hour passed in the busy round of the various cares of housekeeping, when a ring at the bell announced an early visitor.

Miss Jones, the lady who entered, belonged to that class of single maidens, who, being unburthened with cares of their own, charitably devote themselves to the affairs of their neighbors. She was also a prominent member of several benevolent societies, and was seldom without some new project for benefitting certain poor proteges whom she took under her own protection.

"You must really excuse my calling at this early hour, my dear Mrs. Williams, but my errand is an urgent one."

"No excuse is necessary, Miss Jones. You are too old an acquaintance to stand on ceremony."

"Thank you for saying so. And now I will state my business without delay, for I see you are busy this morning. I have recently met with a most touching case of poverty, a poor widow with five children, very feeble health, and quite unable to support such a family without assistance from the humane. I do not wish to beg for her, but have exerted myself to make a few little useful articles, which may be sold for her benefit. Will you allow me to show them to you and urge you to become a purchaser."

"Really, Miss Jones," replied Mrs. Williams "I fear I must decline assisting you this morning. Mr. Williams has been obliged to meet several heavy expenses of late, and is somewhat troubled for ready money."

"Well, just look at the coutents of my little basket," continued my persevering visitor. "It will give me much pleasure to show you my handiwork, even if you do not wish to purchase."

The basket was accordingly opened, and the usual stock of work-bags, pen-wipers, pincushions and infants' aprons, exhibited for the admiration of Mrs. Williams, who, being also of an exceedingly charitable disposition, began to feel an exceedingly uneasy sensation in that part of her bosom where she had thrust the five dollar bill which her husband gave her that morning.

"I should like to take one or two little things, just for the sake of bestowing my might," she said hesitatingly. But unfortunately I have no change—nothing but a five dollar bill."

"Let me see," said Miss Jones, drawing her purse from her pocket. "Perhaps I can relieve your difficulty. Yes, here is a three and a one. Now if you will take that pretty cushion which you were just admiring, at fifty cents, two pen-wipers for your little girls at twenty-five cents, and one of those useful work-bags for the other quarter, it will make all right."

Easily done, to be sure, but Mrs. Williams was rather startled at the idea of only four dollars for the necessary purchases which she had mentioned to her husband.

Hastily she ran it over in her mind. "One dollar for the sempstress, two for shoes, and one for flannel for the baby." Then she had intended making warm hoods for Mary and Ellen, but perhaps this might be delayed; their cape bonnets would do a little longer.—

The weather was yet severe, and it was really uncharitable to refuse Miss Jones, who worked so disinterestedly herself. So the five dollar bill was drawn from its hiding-place, and the three and one placed in its stead, while the pin-cushion, etc., were transferred to her work-table.

"I wish everybody had your feeling, my dear Mrs. Williams," remarked the charitable lady as she rose to depart. "I have made one call this morning, but that was an unsuccessful one. You know Mrs. Evans. Should you not suppose she could spare a dollar for benevolent purposes?"

"Most certainly, was the reply. "Her husband's income is considerably larger than ours and they have no more family to support. I have but a slight acquaintance with her, but have been told she was a kind-hearted, good woman."

"She may be so, but I saw no signs of it.—She declined assisting me in the most decided manner, and would not even consent to my opening my basket. But I must bid you good morning, as I have many calls to make."

"I will dress myself immediately, and go to the shoe-maker's," said Mrs. Williams, as she closed the door after her visitor. "I may again be interrupted."

But when with bonnet and shawl on she had given her parting directions to her attendant, and was about to leave the house, another ring was heard.

"No more morning calls, I hope," thought the lady, as she, herself opened the door, resolved that the intruder should at least see that she was intending to go out.

But the present guest was of too distinguished a character to be passed lightly by. No member of the circle in which Mrs. Williams moved, was more thought of than Mrs. Ackerman. For piety, benevolence, and a host of christian virtues, she was esteemed unequalled

"But I fear I interrupted you: were you not going out?" asked the visitor, as she accepted the rocking chair which her friend offered and with a cordial welcome, Mrs. Williams led the way to the parlor.
her.

"Only to the shoemakers'. I can go by and by. I am delighted to see you. Will you not take off your hat and pass the day with us."

"No I thank you; I came on business this morning, and as I have several calls to make we can walk along together. But first, let me beg of you to put your name to this subscription for foreign missions. You recollect that the ladies of our church have just formed a new society to raise funds for the instruction of the poor heathen. I regard it as a peculiarly Christian work, to which all should devote themselves, even if it involve self-denial and a relinquishment of some of the luxuries of life."

"Certainly, I agree with you fully," was the reply, "but just now it is quite out of my power to contribute anything. The small sum which I have by me is already appropriated to necessary purchases."

"I do not wish to constitute myself a judge of your affairs," answered Mrs. Ackerman; "but before you give a decided refusal, I must entreat you, as a true friend, to reconsider the purchases which you are about to make, and if there is any one article of creature comforts which can be dispensed with, to appropriate a part of your funds to this great cause—the salvation of human souls."

"It is indeed a great cause," returned Mrs. Williams, thoughtfully, "but really," and here she paused, and once more counted the cost of shoes, flannel and sempstress' bill. There was no surplus remaining, but perhaps the last item might be delayed. It was not absolutely necessary to pay the young girl immediately. Possibly she would not call for the money for another week. It was really impossible to refuse such a woman as Mrs. Ackerman, who was so charitably devoting herself to a glorious work.

So after a little hesitation another dollar

was drawn from the five, and the name of Lucy Williams swelled the list triumphantly placed before her.

This done, the two ladies proceeded arm in arm through the busy streets.

"My next call must be on Mrs. Evans," remarked Mrs. Ackerman. "It is right on our way—do step in with me, it will detain you but a few moments."

With a slight feeling of curiosity as to how Mrs. Evans would meet this second claim upon her charity Mrs. Williams assented.

A neatly dressed, bright eyed little girl showed them into a pleasant room, where they were not long kept in waiting. With a friendly greeting, Mrs. Evans advanced to meet them, her countenance beaming with such genuine kindness and good feeling, that no one could suspect her of want of benevolence.

A few general observations passed, and Mrs. Ackerman proceeded to state the object of her visit. A gentle, but decided refusal was the reply. Persuasive arguments or hints at lack of charity were useless; but perceiving the unfavorable impression which she had made upon her guests, and respecting the motives by which they were actuated, Mrs. Evans was about to offer a few explanatory words, when another visitor was announced.

A pleasant looking young lady entered, and uttered an exclamation of pleasure at finding Mrs. Ackerman and Mrs. Williams seated with Mrs. Evans.

"It will save me such a long walk," she said; "for you must know that I am on a charitable mission this morning,, and intend to call upon you all for aid."

"Many besides yourself, appear to be engaged in the good cause of charity this morning," remarked Mrs. Evans, smiling. "This is the third call which I have received."

"Indeed, but my business must be of a different nature, for I am the only agent at present. I have a little paper here edited by a blind man, as a means of gaining support for him and his family. The subscription is only one dollar a year, payable in advance, and you will not only have the satisfaction of aiding a most worthy family, but you will possess a work full of most useful reading, and valuable as being conducted, and indeed mostly written by one who is entirely deprived of sight."

Mrs. Ackerman took the paper which was offered for examination, and also the list of persons who had already subscribed.

"You have been successful," she remarked as she glanced over the names. "I have no objection to bestowing a dollar upon so worthy an object, and if Mrs. Evans will kindly furnish me pen and ink, I will add my name at once."

"And the other ladies will follow your example and do the same, I hope," was the reply; and again poor Mrs. Williams fingered the purse in which her little store was now deposited, with a peculiarly uneasy sensation.

The baby must have his flannel, that was certain, and Mary's shoes were too bad; but Ellen's might do a little longer. True, they were thin for the season, but a week or two could make but very little difference, and Mr. Williams expected to receive a considerable sum before many days. Then followed the desire to appear as liberal as Mrs. Ackerman, and to aid in setting a good example to Mrs. Evans, to say nothing of the wish to assist the blind man.

All these various reasons triumphed, and Mrs. Williams took the pen from the hand of her friend and added her name with a feeling of satisfaction slightly mingled with self-reproach.

"And now Mrs. Evans," continued the fair patroness of the blind man.

The lady appealed to, shook her head. It is quite out of my power," she said firmly. "I am grieved to appear uncharitable to so many of my friends, but it is my endeavor to act conscientiously in these matters, and to do this I am often obliged to refuse appeals to my benevolence."

"But the sum is so trifling, and the cause such a good one, Mrs. Evans. Charity is a great virtue, you know."

"It is indeed, but it consists not in mere alms giving. I consider the right performance of all our duties, as so many acts of charity. In the first place, we should pay particular regard

to the welfare of those more especially placed under our care by the Divine Providence.—Our children are certainly among the first objects of our charity, and their moral and physical well-being should be strictly cared for.—Other near relatives or friends, are generally pointed out as demanding our kindness and care. I do not entirely acknowledge the doctrine that as we are all one great family, those connected by ties of relationship have no peculiar claim upon us. God has seen fit to divide us into families, and, as a general rule, I think that those connected can be better mediums of good to one another."

"Would you then assist none but your own near connections?" inquired Mrs. Ackerman, with some severity of tone and manner.

"Certainly, as far as my means would permit. I have certain rules in regard to these matters by which I regulate my conduct, but I fear their repetition may be wearisome to you. In the first place, I have an accurate knowledge of the amount of my husband's income, and make it my especial duty to provide for the comfort of my family in an economical and prudent manner. This done, I put aside a certain sum for sickness and unforseen expenses, which I consider a positive duty, as otherwise there are times when debts will accumulate, and to withhold from any one their just due is decidedly uncharitable. I then set apart another sum for the relief of the poor and needy, which I endeavor to expend in ways which appear to me most productive of good. I first seek out the poor in my own immediate neighborhood, or those who, by some providential circumstances, are brought particularly to my notice. After they are cared for, I am ready so far as my means will permit, to assist those at a greater distance, even to the heathen in foreign lands. At the present time, I have had unusual demands upon my little fund, and must be cautious lest I trespass upon money devoted to other purposes. Excuse this long explanation, ladies, but it seemed necessary for my own justification."

With somewhat altered feelings, the guests took leave. The remarks of Mrs. Evans had at least furnished them with food for reflection, and with regret Mrs. Williams recalled the manner in which three dollars of the little sum appropriated to the payment of a just debt, and to the comfort of her children, had been expended.

"If Mrs. Evans is right in her ideas of true charity, I certainly have not acted in accordance with it," she mentally exclaimed, as she proceeded to purchase *one* pair of shoes, and a few yards of flannel.

Her self-reproach was increased, when on reaching home, she found the young sempstress awaiting her.

"Could you conveniently let me have the dollar which you owe me, Mrs. Williams?" she asked in a timid but earnest manner.

"I am sorry to say that I cannot, this morning, Alice," was the reply. "Call the latter part of next week, and it shall by ready for you."

The girl hesitated. She evidently disliked to urge her request, but necessity overcame her reluctance, and she again said—

"It would be a great favor if you could let me have it."

"It is impossible, Alice, but if you really need it, I will endeavor to send it to you in a day or two. What is your number?"

With a deep sigh, Alice gave her address, and took her leave. The tears fell fast from her eyes as she left the house, for with that trifling sum she had hoped to procure some necessary comforts for her invalid and destitute mother.

Quite dispirited, Mrs. Williams returned to her parlor, and looking with disgust at the pincushion and work-bag, which accidentally met her eye, she hastily thurst them out of sight, exclaiming—

"How I wish Alice had the money which I paid for these. I suppose I must ask Henry for a dollar for her, though I hate to tell him of my foolishness."

The reluctance to tell her husband prevented the request from being made that evening, and the next morning it passed from her mind until he had gone to his daily business.

"Never mind," was the reflection, "I said in a day or two. I will ask Henry for the money when he returns, and send it to Alice, this evening."

The morning was cloudy, and soon after the children went to school the rain came down in torrents. On their return, little Ellen's thin shoes were perfectly saturated with wet, and with some anxiety her mother hastened to warm and dry her feet, for the child was naturally delicate, and could bear but little exposure.

"See, how dry my feet are, mamma, with my thick new shoes!" exclaimed Mary triumphantly. "When will you buy Ellen a pair?"

"Very soon, my dear," was the reply, accompanied with another pang of regret as the thought of the appropriation of the needful sum.

Experience is a stern teacher. Its lessons are valuable, but often bitter.

Not many hours elapsed ere Ellen showed symptoms of a sudden and violent cold, and before night was so exceedingly feverish that her father judged it best to call a physician.

"Can you account for the attack?" he asked as he felt the pulse of the little patient, and listened to her short and labored respiration.

"They returned from school in the rain," answered Mr. Williams, "and must have taken cold."

"Her feet got very wet," added Mary, who was standing by the bed, looking sorrowfully at her sister. "Her shoes are very thin, indeed, not like my nice thick ones which keep out all the water."

Mr. Williams looked inquiringly at his wife, but her face was turned from his observation.

"Nothing worse than damp feet, at this season, particularly," remarked the physician, as he wrote a prescription, and promised to call at an early hour in the morning.

The mother passed an anxious night at the bed-side of the restless child. She felt fearful that a regular course of fever must follow, and the opinion of the physician at his next visit confirmed her apprehensions. Several days elapsed before the little invalid showed any signs of her recovery, and then her feeble frame had received such a shock that it was evident that unceasing care would be necessary through the winter.

"How soon can I go to school again, papa?" she asked, as her father stood by her bedside, on his return home, one evening.

"Not for a good while, I fear my child," was the reply. "We must try and make you happy at home, for it will be long before you can bear exposure. By the way, Lucy," he continued addressing his wife, "how did it happen that you did not buy thick shoes for both the children? I understood you that the money I gave you was sufficient for all needful purchases."

Mrs. Williams blushed, but frankly replied:

"And so it was, Henry, had I appropriated it as we intended. I meant to have told you all about it long ago, but this sickness has has prevented. Let Mary sit by Ellen, and amuse her for a few minutes, and I will explain it to you."

Mr. Williams listened to his wife's experience.

"It will, I hope, be a useful lesson to me," she added in conclusion. "I am now fully convinced that Mrs. Evans is right, and that in order to be truly charitable we must first regard the interests of those whom Providence has placed peculiarly under our care."

"That is undoubtedly true," replied the husband. "Another time you will be better able to withstand the persuasions of the charitable ladies who, in perfect ignorance of the circumstances of those to whom they apply, often enforce their claims in a manner exceedingly annoying. But the little debt to Alice—has it yet been discharged?"

"I am grieved to say that it has not. Ellen's illness has put every thing else out of my mind. I hope the poor girl has not suffered from the want of such a trifling sum."

"It may not be trifling to her, Lucy. Give me the number, and I will go at once and settle it."

A short walk brought Mr. Williams to the door of the comfortless dwelling, one room of which was occupied by Alice and her moth

His knock was answered by a tidy-looking woman, who directed him to their apartment, saying, as she did so,—

"The poor woman is very low, sir. I fear she has not many days to live."

The inner door was opened by Alice, herself, who immediately recognized Mr. Williams, whom she had several times seen when at work at his house.

"Walk in, sir," she said, in a faltering voice; "my mother is very ill, and I cannot leave her a moment."

The appearance of the apartment bespoke extreme poverty, although there was an air of neatness which rendered it attractive. The sick woman lay on a bed in one corner, but her eyes were closed, and she did not seem to notice that any one had entered.

"Has your mother been long ill?" asked Mr. Williams, in a low voice.

"For many months, sir, but for the last ten days she has failed rapidly."

"And are you not in need of some assistance, my good girl? I called to pay the dollar which has been so long due, but in your present situation, other relief is necessary, for you have no longer leisure to attend to your usual employment."

Alice burst into tears. "Indeed sir," she sobbed out, "the dollar will do much for our comfort. The last bit of fuel which I have in the world is on the fire, and I knew not where to procure the means to purchase more. But we have never yet been reduced to asking charity."

"Nevertheless, you must allow others to make you comfortable, now that you are unable to provide for yourselves," was the reply. "My own means are limited, but I will do what I can, and there are others who will do more. Sickness in our own family must excuse Mrs. Williams for her neglect in not sending you the money as she promised. Make yourself quite easy as to fuel. It shall be sent you immediately, and if you like, I will request my own physician to attend your mother."

"Bless you for your kindness," replied the sobbing girl. "It is hard to be friendless and alone," and with a grateful heart she saw Mr. Williams depart on his benevolent errand.

Ere the usual hour of retiring to rest, she was in possession of more comforts than she had known for a long time, and all fears, lest her dying mother should suffer from causes which human aid might relieve, were at an end.

But the kind physician, who, at the request of Mr. Williams, soon visited her, gave no encouragement that life could be prolonged beyond a few brief days.

When the convalescence of little Ellen permitted Mrs. Williams to visit the humble dwelling, she found Alice alone in her grief. The poor sufferer had gone to rest.

"And now, Alice, you must come home with me, for the present, at least," said her sympathising friend, as the lonely girl poured out her sorrows. "You tell me that you are alone in the world. We will gladly protect you; and the assistance which you can render me in my domestic duties will be an ample recompense. I have the full consent of Mr. Williams to this plan, so you need not hesitate."

"My Heavenly Father has indeed raised up a friend in my hour of need," was the grateful reply. "There have been moments when I have been almost led to distrust His providence, when I have seen my poor mother in need of comforts which I could not procure, and have expended our last dollar in the bare necessaries of life; but I can now look back upon the way through which I have been led, and, with a full heart, bless the Lord for His goodness."

"I have once added to your afflictions by withholding your just dues," said Mrs. Williams; "but for this you must forgive me, Alice. For the last few weeks I have been learning a lesson in true charity, which I shall not easily forget. Henceforth I will endeavor to recollect that benevolence should go hand in hand with justice and economy."—*Arthur's Home Gazette.*

What we do not possess in and through ourselves, is not truly ours.

For the Cabinet.

Seek Wisdom.

Thou hast heard of precious gems
Neath the briny wave,
And of glittering sands that lie,
Where crystal waters lave;
But seek them not, they'll never yield
Thy heart one true delight—
Inspire one hope, or in thy grief;
Bring comforting or light.

The radiant diamond, it is true,
Adorns the crown of Kings,
But the most covetous could ne'er
Desire the ease it brings;
But that which dignifies the man,
Is never gems of gold,
More precious still a priceless thing
That fools "ne'er bought or sold."

'Tis wisdom—wilt thou seek it now,
In the bright bloom of youth?
'Twill clothe thee in thy happiness
With purity and truth;
'Twill comfort thee in many an hour
Of weariness and tears,
And shine the long-enduring gem,
That decks the crown of years.

East Saginaw, July 8th, 1853.

For the Cabinet

The West.

BY D. CHASE BROOKS.

(Concluded.)

The student is hurried through his course, but with every means which wealth can make available at his command: with time for observation and reflection, he makes it the business, well-nigh, of an American student's lifetime, to attain meritorious scholarship. But the numbers here are educated, or very generally so, and the means of so doing are every day increasing. Free schools are established. These benevolent and liberal institutions, supported by the wealth of our country, are freely thrown open, to educate alike, the children of the poor, of the native citizen, and of the newly arrived immigrant, free of expense.—Yes, Europe is pouring in her poverty and her pauperism among us, at the rate of more than a quarter of a million per year. Ours it is to elevate them—to make them happy in the realization of the great blessings we enjoy.—Newly and warmly welcomed from the oppression of other countries, they should enjoy and be made to understand and appreciate the advantages of our free institutions. Our object is to fit them by education, to become intelligent and useful citizens, qualified to take part in our national votes and deliberations.

Thus they will become consolidated with us. Absorbed by the influences thrown around them, they will forget the stale habits of thought and of manner, which they left behind, and will exhibit as much eagerness, activity and enterprise, as the most approved American. Thus will they be prepared to mingle with the industrial hosts which here go forth to battle the elements, and "to put in order and embellish the houses of uncounted millions yet to be." What country can surpass us: pre-eminently the land of free schools, free thought and free action, while not prejudicial to the public good? Take Spain, Portugal or Mexico, where the church has full sway in national affairs; where the youth, if educated at all, are bound to a fixed course, and compare their weak and inert condition with the energetic and vigorous constitution of our own republic, and you will be furnished with facts which argue conclusively in our favor. There ignorance and infidelity, go hand in hand—here, enlightenment and consistent faith.—There the church is weak and the nation abject and powerless. Here the church has arisen, and rejoices in its beauty and strength, and the nation is an example to the world of the success following right effort.

"Figures" it has been said, "are unhandsome things to introduce into polite writing, and very dull too," but we may add that in this world of practical arithmetic, they are very necessary. We may speak of the extent of our territory, reaching as it does through 73 degrees of latitude, and extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean in the other direction—making an area of 3,225,595 square miles; being 95 times as great as Great Britain; 15 times larger than France, and only one-fifth less than the whole of Europe. Such is the theatre on which by "manifest destiny," Americans are called upon to play their parts; such the magnificent residence which nature has fitted up for a "nation of sovereigns."—Europe is a thousand fold richer in the accu-

mulations of art, in libraries, in historical monuments, and in the comparative numbers of her people; but in all that nature can do to fit up a regal dwelling-place for man, the West is blest beyond measure. At the present rate of increase of population, the child now lives —the American child—who will see his country the abode of 100,000,000 of freemen, acing with obstruction, and with space sufficient for any reasonable expansion. Here is a mighty fact—the great and increasing influx of foreigners; and the regular and healthy increase of our own people, which we name as introducing another fact, which, though old, we wish to illustrate by a few statements.—"Westward the star of empire takes its way," is true, not only with refeference to the discovery and settlement of every land since man began his wanderings, but also with reference to the United States as a nation. It has beena question of no little interest, where the vast tide of humanity, which is constantly augmenting our Union, is flowing and disposing itself. It appears from investigations lately made, that forty years ago the central point of population was in Northern Pennsylvania, near the meridian of Washington. Subsequently it changed to Virginia, then again to Pennsylvania. In 1840, it was found to be Marietta, Ohio; and in 1850 slightly west of the Ohio river. Its course now, is found towards the mouth of the Missouri, ultimately to be established there. Thus we see that the places which were but yesterday cleared by the pioneer's axe, are being converted, as by the touch of an enchanter's word, into great and flourishing cities, Where then was the centre of the wilderness, is now the center of population. In our own immediate vicinity, for instance—Milwaukie, Madison, Galena, Burlington and Chicago are proofs of the statement. Twelve years ago Chicago was esteemed by capitalists and business men of the East, as but little more substantial than a fiction. Now they admit that it is on the eve of becoming one of the largest inland cities of the Union—the commercial metropolis of the Mississippi valley. Ten years ago, Chicago had not a single foot of railroad in any direction. Now she has more than two hundred miles completed within the State, and free access to every city on the sea-board, from Portland to Savannah. Eighteen years ago there were not 5000 white inhabitants in all the vast and beautiful region between Lake Michigan and the Pacific Ocean. Now the number is over a million. In 1835 there were not 700 miles of railroad in the U. S. Now there are 13,000 miles nearly completed, and within 4 years there will be finished 33,155 miles, enough to belt the earth, and 8,000 miles beside. Of canal and river navigation there are

Canal, 5,000 miles.
River, 47,355 "

Making the extent of our internal communication 85,510 miles, Such are the arteries of our system, through which course, at a rate of, say 15 miles per hour, its life-currents. We might speak of the electric telegraph, which alone fulfils the workings of the most arde nt imagination—the instrument which can waft a sigh from Indus to the pole," with its 16,000 miles of wires; the aerial race-courses which genius has swung beneath Heaven and earth, over which the thunderbolts of Jove are sent piece-meal, as messenger-steeds for this unique notion of practical magnetism. In 1704, or 149 years ago, the first newspaper, called the "Boston News-Letter," was published. Contrast present facts:—In the single State of Indiana there are now more newspapers than were published in the whole country at the time of the Revolution. We have now within the states 2,800 periodicals, with a circulation of 500,000, giving annually, 422,600,000 copies, or 17 copies per year to every man woman and child of the nation. The cheapness of these, places them within the reach of every one, and the grand plan of free education, now being so generally adopted, will make all competent to receive and profit by them. Concerning their character, it is enough to say that it is as good as that of the literature of other nations.

We speak of their general circulation, and might speak at length of their effects, but they are known.

This periodical press has done more here and elsewhere, where free to act for the emancipation of the human mind, than all other

physical causes combined. "Its action is increasing. Its force is irresistable. Its achievements lasting. The pen has disarmed the sword, and the type-metal of the printer speaks louder than the canon of the despot." With this means of enlightenment, we mention our schools, in all 100,000, in which are 4,000,000 pupils, or more than one-sixth of our whole population. And last in order, though not so in importance, we mention the amount of religious instruction we receive. The number of churches of those Denominations which hold the vital tenets of christianity, is 49,011 —accommodating 14,000,000 persons; and these are not state establishments, forced upon us by government. "They are the outgrowths of the practical piety which exists in the community, side by side with, and about equal in number to our higher class of schools; they are the indices pointing even to religious and scientific truth, as the great agents of individual and national prosperity. Thus we have noticed, though imperfectly, the eastern part of our continent; its natural resources; its educational and religious aspect; but, were we to follow out the legitimate paths of tho't to which our subject leads, we should have but just begun.

We wish for a moment to notice California —a golden state in more ways than one. Its importance in a moral as well as in a commercial point of view, can scarcely be estimated Its mineral and agricultural value are familiar to all. Aside from this, what a field is there now open for the philanthropist. Mexicans, Germans, Italians, Chinese, New-Zealanders, and inhabitants of the ocean isles, are there brought into direct contact with free influences—moral, intellectual, political and social.—From these they will receive lessons—perhaps not in schools, but by the teachings of experience, received in the associations of every day life. By these they will be enlightened. They will carry home not only the shining dust."—not only American arts and inventions but *principles* which, in their future application may richly bless those countries. They will return to their homes and nations—living volumes of instruction, of more practical value than ten-thousand times their number of printed books. They will preach of moral, social and political liberty. They will give extemporaneous lectures on the improvements of our age and land. May we not hope that they will set in motion those influences, necessary to prepare their countries for the enlightenment which, radiating from America as a centre, will, we trust, ere this century shall pass, shine full in earth's dark places. Closely connected with this branch of our subject, we cannot forbear quoting, as almost prophetic, the words of a German writer who visited this country in 1837. He says:—"When America shall be firmly established between two oceans, commanding the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific, she will occupy the centre of the world, while Europe will act as from a corner. The historical theatre will be changed, and the centre of civilization will be removed from the valley of the Mississippi;" and then he speaks of the connections which must soon exist with the islands of the Pacific, and with the Asiatic States, all of which are now historical facts. Doubtless adventitious circumstances have hastened it, for it has been accomplished in sixteen years, but it would have been sure of ultimate realization, had California never been called the land of gold and sun-set. This *idea* of our youthful nation has become a sober, practical reality; and we are now looking forward with Yankee nervousness, impatient of delay, and confident of success to the realization of another, the grand national idea of to-day—the union of the oceans by a line of railroad stretching through the heart of our republic, and becoming the highway of American progress, in the event of whose accomplishment, the "great watery highways of the nations are ready to roll our products to Europe on the one side, and and on the other, to India, the farthest east.

This is a work not to be commenced. It is already half completed. The lines from the Atlantic coast to the Mississippi, are already in operation,and the time is not far distant when one may, at the beginning of the week mingle in the life of our country's Eastern metropolis, and ere its close, be far away on the waters of the broad Pacific. "The rich

Argosies of the East once passed from Venice, and from the southern republics, into the hands of England." The promise now is that they will, ere long, pass from her, into the hands of this "Giant of the West."

We cannot do better than to insert here the words of one of our most distinguished statesmen, in a speech made on the subject of which we speak:—"Time will speedily fill the regions which you already possess, with a homogeneous population, and homogeneous states; yet, even before that event so soon to arrive, shall have taken place, this nation shall have acquired such magnitude, such consistency, such strength, such unity and such an empire, that Mexico with her 8,000,000 of people will be received and absorbed without disturbing the national vigor, or even checking the national harmony." Don't start at this. We do not profess to be a strenuous advocate of "manifest destiny," as it is at present too often considered, nor of the swallowing principle or power if you choose, which some assume to be our national characteristic Our "manifest destiny" is, that if we do right, strive for national purity, and for true national dignity, our influences will extend, and for the good of humanity in general, as well as ourselves in particular. Our principle or power is not so much a "swallowing," as an "absorbing" one. We are willing that our institutions should spread over other lands, because we believe that a truly democratic government is the best government—that in it, there is more practical wisdom brought to bear on questions of national interest—because we think that, carried out in the true spirit, its subjects may enjoy the most humane, the most reasonable, the most practical, and therefore, every way the most useful system.

"It is the system which combines christian fraternity with individual independence, and which unites the strength of perfect central unity, with the pliancy of municipal and local freedom. It is fixed and powerful, yet fluent and susceptible; not petrifying like despotism; nor licentious like anarchy, but free, expansive, harmonious, firm; like the law which guides stars, when each pursues its own rejoicing course, and yet bends in genial homage to the imperial sun. Such are our means of influence and success. to sum them all up; freedom of speech and of action; a cheap and omnipresent press—simple and just laws; unparalleled physical progress; religious liberty; a stable government; the greatest good to the whole; and as a foundation principle, which though, even the same in the abstract accommodates itself to our daily growth.—SYMOV KLATOS—the strength of the people.

These we have wherever we go, as a free gift to humanity. These principles have an inherent, God-appointed power, and if at the distance of thousands of miles, nations acknowledge our power, it is not the 25,000,000 of human beings here associated, nor our corporation size, that causes them so to do. It is the legitimate influence of these principles. They are diffusive. Man needs only to hear, in order to comprehend them, and their reasonableness and truth is coincident with the fact of their being known. Such, then, are our resources—such our means of action.—We view them as effects; effects brought about by the action of one great creating as well as a developing agent of our world—THOUGHT.—Point to a single law which finds a place in our statute books—point to a single church organization—point to a single invention which has blessed our country and the world, from the latest and most approved patent churn, up to Erricson's model air engine, the planning and construction of which has been the labor of more than 20 years, the best of his life. Point, we say, to one, which is not the result of thought. We say that our nation is, and always has been one of thinkers. We cannot conclude otherwise. Thought is the presiding genius in our work-shops, and in our churches, in our fields and in our printing offices—in our halls of art as well as of legislation. It sits in state in the office of your doctor of medicine, as well as of divinity. It rules in the retirement of your stump, as well as of your congressional orator, and let it be remembered, young man, that if you would make your way successfully among the masses which surround you; if you would leave your mark thereon, thought must be your primary, your central power. Yours is a nation of

quick, nervous thinkers, and of prompt actors. The present is also a highly practical age.—The boundary separating the scientific from the practical world, has been removed, and the two have merged into one. The first inquiry with respect to a discovery, is, is it useful? If not, the practical judgment of our present age rejects it as valueless. It is for this reason that we see in every effort which man puts forth, a harbinger of future good; for though his assumed discovery be faulty in whole, or in part, the keen scrutiny which it meets from others will not fail to discover if there is anything useful connected with it, and will not hesitate to apply the knife of expediency, and remove what may prove valueless. Thought has been directed from the ideal to the real, and from the realms hitherto sacred to imagination, the same practical hand has removed the screen, and speculation itself is indulged in, if at all, only for diversion.—Thus, not regarding as worthless, the ornamental characteristics of his nature, but seeing that all these are necessary to the formation of a *perfect man*, he is already entering upon the exercise and enjoyment of that *complete life*, complete in its capabilities, harmonious in its action, and glorious in its results; towards which the unmistakable revelations of God have always pointed him. Intellectual power, consecrated by moral principle, is the grand meteor of the nineteenth century. Beating time to its onward march, and joining in its glad anthem the veteran ranks of humanity, laying aside the gaudy trappings of the superstitous past, shall move steadily onward, up the rugged heights before them;—view, like Moses, the rich fields of their reward, and accomplish their mighty destiny.—Our theatre of action is well nigh illimitable. Strong in the strength of the right, and true to its principles, who shall mourn our destiny? Let common sense, justice, and, prompted by these, decided action characterize our nation, and she shall become in reality, what she is now enthusiastically called, "The hope of the world."

WESLEYAN SEMINARY,
Albion, June 17, 1853. } *

For the Literary Cabinet.

The Peninsular Quarterly and University Magazine.

We had only time to notice the fine typographical appearance of this new Michigan Periodical, when it was feloniously taken from our table. and while we are anxiously looking for its return; that we might read and 'notice,' a gentleman in whose literary taste we have the utmost confidence, sent us the following *caustic* Review. We give it place, though rather too long for our columns, for two reasons: if the severe criticisms are just, they should be heeded; Michigan's "Quarterly" should be the very best "Quarterly" extant; if unjust, one hundred new subscribers to the "Peninsular Quarterly," is the lowest number that should be marked to our correspondent's credit. Unjust criticism always brings money to a publication.

ED.

This magazine—the last of the serials—with its pink cover, emblazoned State arms, clear typography and sounding title, lies before us. We have waded patiently and carefully through its one hundred and twenty pages of Essay, Poem, Tale and "Table"—we have glanced at its prospectus, and we propose now to consider in a quiet way its claims to public favor. Had it "come before the people" simply as "The University Magazine," and allowed us to infer that its aim was to furnish a medium for ambitious undergraduates, to "gibbet to everlasting fame," their semi-weekly "exercises;" or even if its mission (more aspiring still,) had been to preserve from mildew and decay—like curious insects embalmed in amber— the ancient sermons and antique essays of learned professors, and disputatious divines, we might have apostrophized it in the words of Uncle Toby to the fly, "Go! poor devil, the world is large enough for thee and me." It appears however, under the sonorous title of "The Peninsular Quarterly, and University Magazine," and with the sounding trumpet of prospectus and introduction, proclaims its advent in our reading world, as *the* "exponent' of "original" Western "literature,' "wit," "imagination," and talent, and we can-

not allow it to slip so easily, from under our critical scalpel.

Decidedly, it is the most complete specimen of literary, morbid anatomy it has been our misfortune to meet with, this many a day, and its rich, rare and racy original and selected lusus naturae, are only equalled, (not surpassed) by those of the "Quog Litery Gem," Edited by C. Conklin Neppins, of Knickerbocker parentage. The prospectus states that

"Each number will contain from ninety-two to a hundred pages of original matter:

* * * * * *

"That extensive arrangements have been made by which a corps of eminent contributors has been secured, and the general tone of the Magazine guaranteed an elevated character:" That

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"It is the design of the Magazine to furnish a large amount of original matter, which shall serve as an exponent of the active thought of the West. Hence, few selections from other journals will be made, and then only of articles of high intrinsic excellence:" and that although,

* * * * * *

"Aiming to furnish to the reading community substantial *pabulum animi*, it will nevertheless not forget the condimentary portion of the repast, but diversify the labor of thought with the light play of *wit* and *imagination*."

The Editor sets forth in his introductory, (inter alia,) that the West "begins to have leisure * * * *for* sustaining with taste and *credit*, reviews and serial publications of *elegant finish*."

Farther on in speaking of what literature should be, he discourses as follows:

"It does not attempt to wield the axe of the Pioneer, but rather the practiced blade of the gentlemanly cavalier. *When* the book is too unwieldly to penetrate, and the newspaper too hasty and diffusive to satisfy, then the magazine goes laden with the excellencies of both." And again: "The great restless spirit of the times demands a literature responsive to it * * * * Serial literature can best keep pace with this demand. It can do more. It must do more. Its high province is to shape ." "It (serial literature) should bend to its (serial literature's) onward enthusiasm!! but not to the faults that flow therefrom;" (?) and so on for a page and a half. We shall pay our respects to the Editor again when we reach that portion of the Quarterly yclept "*The* Chaos." For the present we pass on.

The 'contents' set forth thirteen articles, ten "original" and three selected, exclusive of "Book Notices," and "The Chaos." The authors consist of one D. D., one Reverend, one Professor, one A. B., two Esquires—the remainder without handles, and incog.

The opening essay is upon the novel topic of "American Literature," and comes from the pen of the Reverend. It is a lecture, written in a light, pleasing and sketchy vein—has been delivered once, to our knowledge, and purports to be a view of American letters "past, present and future," read under the operation of the one hour rule. The first page discourses Punch's man who won an elephant in a raffle—speaks of the "cradle of American Literature,"—quotes Sidney Smith, an English Quarterly, and the London Times on Mrs. Stowe, and concludes with this non sequiter, "Our Literature *then*, has a past with its triumphs and its laurels." A page and a half of narrative and quotation disposes of the Pilgrim fathers. Then follows a catalogue of our distinguished Lexicographers, Divines, Moralists, Historians and Novelists. A paragraph to the press, daily and weekly. The same to the monthlies and quarterlies. The balance of the lecture is devoted to what American literature should be—independent, active, youthful, inventive, home-bred and fed. All very prettily written, interspersed with here and there a poetical quotation, trite, true and musical. Altogether, this is a paper well enough adapted to entertain a popular audience, but containing nothing very novel or instructive, and most assuredly not remarkable as the leading article of a Quarterly, for either scholarship, research, or study.

"Copan, a poem" by one of the "Esquires," follows. Mindful of poor Keats snuffed out by ferocious criticism, and in days gone by afflicted with the itch of rhyme ourselves, we can only find it in our heart to con-

jure our "brother in the *Law*," to stable his Pegasus and stick to his precedents; and we come to the paper of the D. D., on "Human Industry.',

It is a simple and earnest sermon on the great text, labor. Without pretence, affectation or mannerism, (unless it be the mannerism of the pulpit,) it enforces so called truth in a quiet unstudied way. It is the paternal advice of a father to his idle son, calling his attention to the "Little busy bee:" that

"Improves each shining hour,
And gathers honey all the day,
From every opening flower."

It is a member of the Peace society, reconstructing human nature. We reverence its earnestness—we respect its evident sincerity, and we should have esteemed it just as highly and just as readily recognized a philanthropic student's closet philosophy, had it come to us without the author's name, and its attendant D. D. Then, as now, the question would still recur to us. Cui bono? The topic is old—old as Eden and the fall. Labor, work, toil. It is dinned into our ears from the cradle to the grave. Like the shirt of Nessus it clings to us ever.

We are *not* a lazy people, we need the curb, rather than the spur. If the Dr. meant his advice for his students, well enough; but he knows, and we all know, that the impulse within and the influence without, impels us as a people ever onward, The brain, the body, the entire physical and mental system of the whole American race is in constant activity. "Keep moving," "push on," are the household words of the nation. Everything we do is overdone. Everything we think is overwrought. Everything we feel is exaggerated, when expressed or acted. We are full grown editors, statesmen and divines, at twenty; old at thirty; dead and forgotten at forty. Our women, delicate and beautiful at eighteen, are failing at twenty-five; thin, yellow and wirey at thirty; gone at forty. There is no disguising the fact, physically, the race is degenerating, and one cause for it, is this incessant, tireless unrest, which, like the curse upon Ahasuerus ,hurries us "onward, ever onward!"

For one, we tire of this constant discoursing from pulpit, press, and rostrum, of industry, energy and labor. Pious Brahmins assert that the highest state of beatitude consists in the silent contemplation of the end of one's nose. No bad theory for the age we live in. Give us more holidays. Let us oftener leave the great turbid current of business, and drop aside into the pleasant eddies of relaxation. Let us seek the shadow of our roof-tree earlier, and leave it later.—It is written, "in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." Well, go forth, and bear your portion of the curse of labor,—for it was given as a curse—but bring back to your fireside a body invigorated, not jaded— a spirit upright, not sordid—a temper open and generous, not jaundiced and crabbed, from over exertion; a sound mind in a sound body—and your presence will be as welcome as sunlight; your influence as genial as spring showers, and your days something near the threescore and ten of the Psalmist.

Enough on industry. Give us an epic on laziness.

"An Eulogy on Wilkins Micawber, Esq, by Mr. Dick, author of a Memorial, etc.," follows the Dr's sermon on "Industry." A singular proximity, truly. A stately divine, side by side with a youthful monkey, amusing *himself* with a hurdy gurdy. Mr. Dick we understand to be a *nom de plume.*

We, therefore, with the blessing of Heaven, propose to make a few remarks which we trust may be of some profit to the youth, whose ambition to appear in print has "exercised" him so severely. The "wit" of this piece of rhetorical irony, seems to be thought to consist in octosyllabic words of thundering sound, arranged in lofty periods of bathotic nonsense. We cannot resist the temptation to give our readers a "specimen brick," of this young man's baby house, this wise.

"It behoves me to prelude this humble panegyric with the acknowledgement that I feel a peculiarly tingling sensation of awe perambulating through my corporeal diversities, when I contemplate the magnitudinousness of my theme,and my utter incapacity for truthfully portraying to you the incomparable splendor and priceless value of this the brightest gem in

Albion's Coronet, but imperative duty bids me add my mite to the accumulated tributes of enthusiastic multitudes, and reluctantly, yet proudly, I succumb."

(Micawber sold coal it appears, as Mr. Dick assures us that he was) "occupied with vending upon commission anthracite fodder for the "all devouring element"—in short, Coal." (And yet again Micawber writes a petition for the relief of insolvent debtors) "which, glittering fresh from the hand of its eminent author, like the "devouring and avenging flame" he hurl's with a David-like calmness, at the proud Goliah of the British Lion: the Royal *purple* is penetrated to the *heart* and from its vermillion fount a pardoning stream flows forth; he is restored: liberty is his."

We do not exactly know which we most admire—we use the word in its original sense—the critical taste of the Editor who allowed such a thing to reach the dignity of types, or the impudence of the youth who presented it. More particularly when we consider that we are discussing a specimen number of the "Peninsular Quarterly," which with a list of talented contributors, consisting of Doctors, Professors and Bachelors, aspires to reflect the talent of the West, and mould the embryo literary taste of our benighted State. We may be singularly infatuated, but it strikes us, that this rapid, frothy, pointless specimen of turgid words has neither wit, humor, sense, or object. We recommend Mr. Dick to tarry in Jericho,—Sophomore class—till his beard be grown; or as he would express it, in "the graphic language of the immortal Homer," till "the down has bloomed beneath his temples."

"The Character of Cromwell, by an *English Yankee*," is simply three pages of undisguised panegyric, sensibly enough written, but very loose in thought and reckless in assertion, as follows:

"Cromwell's views of the natural and inalienable rights of man, were greatly in advance of his age. His *opinions* which met but a faint response from his cotemporaries, would have placed him by *the side of Jefferson*, when the youthful America broke from the grasp of servitude." * *

"*England* curses his name and hates his memory (?) but England is indebted to his policy, for *all* (?) the elements of greatness which elevates her above the rest of the nations of Europe." * *

"To claim that Cromwell committed no errors, would be to claim that he was not a man. But to claim for him purity of intention, and vast *susceptibilities*, is to claim no more than justice demands.

"FRANCE.—*The Empire and the Emperor*," by the A. B.—If we mistake not, at the time this article was in type, the Bachelor was a student. We believe he is one of the recent graduates of our University, and is considered by the ladies, young and old, of our University town, who, (we judge from what we hear of their exclusive occupancy of the Church, at commencement,) are the literary touch-stones of rising genius, to be a young man of more than ordinary promise and brilliancy. We have too much gallantry to dispute their verdict. Nevertheless, we must be permitted to say that, *mere* biography, though written in a pointed and facile way, with some play of imaginative word-painting, is not what the Western mind demands. When we add to this, that the period from the Revolution of '93, to the *coup de 'etat* of Napoleon *le petit*, is gone over in six or seven pages—that the whole earlier history is as familiar to every reading American as household words—that the life of the last and least Napoleon is to be found in every old newspaper, and that we have looked in vain for a fresh thought on these thread-bare topics, we shall have, perhaps, said enough. We extract a few short and easy sentences, that cover considerable ground.

"The Revolution of '93 was at its height. Weary, friendless, and almost dead, from starvation, (?) two children wandered through the crimson streets of the Capital. None dared to succour them. (?) Their father was *already* beheaded, and their mother sentenced to the same fate. Her property was confiscated; her frends and relations executed.—None dared befriend her children, (see above.) A kind hand saved them from starvation.—The political tide ebbed. Robespierre fell. The mother was liberated, her children were restored to her arms. The star of Napoleon was in the ascendent: he met the mother of the little wanderers and married her."

We come now to some thoughts entitled "Brain Sweat and Brow Sweat;" and we reach them right gladly. They are brief; but "brevity is the soul of wit." They are

the few earnest thoughts of an earnest mind, earnestly expressed. They have the true ring in them. The author, we believe, is an under-graduate, a member of the coming senior class; and we tell him, because we believe his brain is strong enough to bear it, that there is no eminence in the world of thought and letter he may not aspire to, by a patient and tirele s combination of the "Brain Sweat and Brow Sweat," whose mutual relations he elaborates so well. At the same time, we wish to call his attention, and we know he will take it as kindly as it is meant, to a bad habit he has, of *over* elaborating. It is the fault of all strong thinkers. They hit the nail fair and true, and it goes home, and then they hit it again and again, till they mar the neatness of their work, and yet make it no stronger. The true artist catches the strong, prominent features of his picture, or the delicate and minute ones, and throws them boldly or softly on the canvass, and then stops. So should the writer. As for style, like Dogberry's reading and writing, it comes by nature. Think strong and clear, and the pure nervous words will come. No man-milliner-ed Mantalini, could ever get off such paragraphs as these. (He is contrasting the labors of the miner and the chemist.)

"Away down there in that yawning cavern, where the sun-light never shone, he battles manfully with darkness and fire damp, in order that the ten thousand household fires on the green earth above him, may all keep brightly burning, and light up the home-circle of the world. That is his mission, to bring warmth and light out of subterranean damp and darkness. * * What could the dusky miner of coal do without the help of the pale miner of knowledge? * * It was that same feeble bodied, but strong-brained brother man, whom he saw bending, pale and motionless, over the midnight lamp, intensely thinking, silently working, so silently indeed that the poor ignorant collier in the pride of his bone and muscle thought him the laziest and most useless incarnation of God's image on the face of the earth, *even as a child might look upon a revolving wheel whose very rapidity of motion makes it seem motionless.*"

We set out with the intention of going *through* this Magazine, but the task grows before us, and in the language of Mr. Dick, "we succumb." "W" and the "Professor" must excuse us. Gilfillan's Portraits of Literary Men has been often noticed, and his "Emerson," and the other selected articles are well enough, in their place.

We rise from the perusal of this "Quarterly," and the predominant feeling is, that this is not Western Literature,—this is not the "Exponent" of Western thought,—this will not, (and unless improved,) ought not to "shape Western taste." There is not a village in our State but has the material for just such Magazine. Divinity could send a Sermon and a Lecture. Physic and Law, a diagnosis and a brief. The Principal of the Academy would find among his manuscripts an ancient metaphysical treatise,—his pupils could fill up with exercises and compositions in poetry and prose,—the Editor could "select" from the circulating library, and "serial" literature the remaining pages, and pompously announce, that this was an "exponent of the active thought of the West." Newspapers would "notice," as they do a patent churn, or a new dog power,—people would buy,—some might read, and the thing, (if slightly fortified with names and titles,) would go up and down in the land, like Moses among the Egyptians, laden with new plagues for a suffering people.

A reverent spirit is not the spirit of this age, and when authors and essayists come before the public, it must be with *something* more attractive than the Dead Sea level of mere respectability of style and thought.—We demand a living, breathing, and moving literature; not a curious fossil, or a unique petrefaction. These are for the cabinet of the virtuoso, not for the workshops of the people; and this live literature, the "Peninsula Quarterly and University Magazine" does *not* give us.

We wish we could stop here; but the Editor and his, "the chaos," are upon our dissecting table, and we proceed. The catalogue informs us that the Editor, in September, ensuing, will be advanced to the dignity of a Senior in our University. If he has done his duty, (as we doubt not,) his past five or six years have been spent in the study of the languages and the exact sciences—in the preparation and completion of the basement

whereon to erect his literary temple. If we mistake not, the acquisition of literary knowledge comprises but an insignificent part of his past three years course. Prima facie, he is yet a student. But he may be a genius!—Let us see. His first effort in the book line, is in a notice of the "Senator's Son." This he clearly sees is one of the "yellow covered" books. He quotes a passage from the *Publishers* preface—criticizes several typographical blunders, and concludes in his chaste and elegant language to "let 'er went," with a pun. Then comes "*the* chaos," and here is what he proposes to do.

"As out of the ancient chaos of matter there came worlds and light and stars, *beautiful in their perfection*, so let us hope that out of this little modern mind chaos *we* may bring thought, sentiment and wit: the grave, the pathetic, the facetious."

Thereafter we have something about Mrs. Stowe's being "tooted" about as the "Bosscarpenter of Uncle Tom's Cabin." Here he has the good taste to quote some four pages from the Rev. Chas. Kingsley's Alton Locke; then he thanks somebody for a Meerschaum, and then, to use a Mortonism, he *groweth* witty, as witness.

"And Jonathan (the "awf-u-el") came where the "daughters of music" were weaving sweet melodies and they asked him if he played upon the harp, and he sighed and said "Nay, but I sometimes *play upon words*. (*Do you*, you funny man, and it don't hurt you?) Straightway the maidens were pleased, (easily tickled,) and one gave him a cigar.—Jonathan looked facetious! and said, "Now, will I play a tune softly flowing as the purling brook!" "What may I call the tune," and he answered the "*spit-tune*!" (spitoon,) nor did he smile."

Now, it is a Frenchman who, loosing a "sow and several pigs," tells his story this wise.

"Las night som-bodie, went on ma house, stole ma ladie hog, all his lettle babie too, and I have been crie till ma hanker-pocker-scheifs all spile wiz ye lettle screams what come down ma face."

A novel! and original! pun of a bloomer, who *panted* for fame, a few namby pamby "thoughts of other days," when "there was a tinselled drapery *mapped* around everything," comprise a portion of the "condimentary repast,"—what the Editor calls "the light play of wit and imagination."

"K. Philander Doesticks' Annals of the Lazy Club" is a decided improvement upon J. Sterling Morton's "Jonathan, the *awf-u-el*." There *is* a lazy, hap-hazzard jingle about Doestick's doggerel, and an occasional gleam of sunny humor, that is refreshing in the arid nonsense that precedes and follows. There is another "unlicked cub" shut up in this editorial cage. He calls himself "Deodatus Muggins, Esq., P. B," (Perfect Blockhead, we suppose,) and has four solid pages of brevier, upon "the Elephant," or as he writes it, (doubtless for some wise purpose.) "The El-e-phant," perhaps because the Editor's Jonathan was "*awf-u-el*." Now it has been our evil fortune to have read many choice specimens of unmitigated nonsense, but this is the choicest and most unadulterated twattle we have ever met. We understand the aim of "Muggins." We believe in the Horation.

Dulce est desipere in loco.

But when the "in loco" is four pages, of swollen fustian, it is time this youthful windbag was punctured. Eating soup with a knitting-needle has been thought to be a thin diet. It is nourishing compared with this precious bonne bouche from the Editor's "condimentary repast." The wild asses of Scripture, who snuffed up the wind, were sensible fellows, compared with him who should give this "light play of wit and imagination" a second perusal. Here is a choice extract.

"We have then presented to our view the rustic swain, who on the "Fourth of July" "keomes inter town buys "hunks" of gingerbread," eats "slews" of lasses candy, drinks "slathers" of "pop," fires a "heap" of crackers, smokes "lots" of "penny grabs," and swaggers about as though he didn't care a darn"

Is this "wit?" Is it humor? Is it elegant Serial literature? Is it *thus* the Editor seeks to "mould" our taste? Is it anything but low flung school boy slang, with not enough of Attic salt to preserve it from putrefaction? One more extract and we are done with this specimen of (we ask pardon of our readers, but it is the only word that fully characterizes this style) "Blatherskite."

"Fathers and mothers of Michigan—Sires and matrons whose forefathers have long since evaporated to sing forever under the ambrosial trees of the Hesperian Oligarchy—the theme upon which we dwell, is one that should occupy your most aggravated and solicitudious attention * * Let me abjure you then, by the manumitted ghost of semitemporal, ante-mundane sanctity."

There! We can go no farther.

Pity us, dear reader,—we took four pages of this preparation. We have administered you but a sixteenth of it, and even that is a "dose" for the strongest minded and ablest bodied adult in our Peninsula.

We recommend the Editor (gratis, of course) to employ the author of "Brain Sweat and Brow Sweat" to get up the serious articles,—transfer the "funny" department to "Doesticks."—strike out "Peninsular Quarterly,"—banish prospectus and introductory,—cut down the Magazine to one-third its present size, and then betake himself to the studies *he thinks himself* the most familiar with.

Our word for it, they will make a very readable Magazine—for their friends and relations, and the more cash they sink in the operation, the greater chance they will have of becoming men of character and talent: provided they have to get it back again by honest labor.

It may be the dogmatism of age, but decidedly, we think the present Editor, with his view of our wants, and his capacity to fill them, has mistaken his vocation.

We may have been unnecessarily severe. We think not. We simply wished, for one, to enter our protest against any such boyish defilement of our "well of English pure."—This Magazine, edited! and owned by an under graduate, with a contribution from the Chancellor of our University, (though he has been in Europe since April,) and, at least, one Professor, purports to have the "by authority" stamp.

This, we know, is a fast age, and it is difficult for us, who belong to the first quarter of this century, to keep up with it. In our day, boys went to school to learn, not to teach. Nor did they, or their preceptors for them, think themselves competent to revolutionize the literature of the age. Our Alma Mater was more careful of our fame. We remained youths, at least, till we arrived at the dignity of Seniors; nor did we once imagine that full armed Quarterlies could spring into the world of letters, from the teeming brain of some sophistikos junior, albeit, the parturition should be assisted by the Herculean battle-axe of a Professor. We have yet to learn that the thing has been achieved; for it strikes us, that *this* "Quarterly" is not only not feathered, but bears about it unmistakable signs that it has left the parent nest, for the bleak world of criticism, much too soon, for the safety of the cracked and discolored shell, it parades so ostentatiously "before the public."

We conclude in another vein. While we regret, deeply regret the necessity that existed for our speaking at all, we have but done *our* duty. This cacoethes scribendi—this desire of seeing ourselves in print, is one of the great evils of the day. It is increasing the ragged fraternity of authors, at the expense of the healthier and happier class of workers. So long as it confines itself to men, it carries its own corrective, and may not need reproof; but when it breaks out with such virulence among boys and young men, who ought to be at their books, and when, by the acquiesence and co-operation, if not copartnership of a *portion* of the Faculty of an Institution, of which we have every reason to be justly proud, it becomes a serious matter—it is time for us to speak. We have done so, honestly and freely, and if what we have said shall prove of service to any connected with our University, of whose fair fame we are alike proud and jealous, we are content.

John Adams wrote to his wife, "The education of our children is never out of my mind. Train them to virtue, habituate them to industry, activity, and spirit. Teach them to consider every vice as shameful and unmanly. Fire them with the ambition to be useful.—Make them disdain to be destitute of any useful knowledge." Let mothers heed the wise injunction.

Editor's Department.

Public Amusements.

Every one is willing to acknowledge that to be healthy, the mind, as well as the physical system, needs recreation. Especially is this the case with the American mind; the hurry, the turmoil the *progressiveness* of this New World is wearing out our best men too rapidly. They must pause; there must be some diversion from business, the mind must rest, or life itself will assuredly be forfeited.

But how can this be done? What amusements can be invented that will not be productive of greater evils than those to be obviated? What public amusements can be devised that will not produce a deterioration of morals? American Artists are giving a most conclusive answer to this question.

There *can* be no possible moral evil attending the exhibition of fine paintings, while the effect upon the mind must be soothing, refining, and elevating.

Large galleries of costly paintings, can of course, only be sustained in large cities, but those inventions of modern times, Panoramas, can visit the quiet village, as well as the large town; and can thus become the Educators of the Nation, in that often neglected department of mind, "the love of the beautiful."

Who does not recollect the excitement produced by the exhibition of Banvard's Panorama of the Mississippi, representing a country so vast in extent that the most credulous almost doubted the evidence of their senses: now Panoramas, equal in extent and of so far greater beauty, are so common that they cause no remark, and scarcely excite due interest.

The best Panorama we have ever seen, is the Panorama of New York City, painted by O. A. Bullard, whose Biographical sketch is in our present number.

There is a truthfulness of delineation, and perfection of finish, running through the entire painting that is admirable.

The scenes are all drawn from life; one can scarcely believe that he is not really passing down Broadway, so perfect is every building, the names on every sign, and all those little peculiarities so difficult to transfer to canvass with any degree of accuracy.

We were particularly struck with the "Bird's-eye view of the City," giving as it does, a more correct idea of its form, and the relative situation of the various points of interest, than could be obtained by threading the mazes of the city itself.

This immense painting cost the Artist four years and one month's labor, and was done entirely by himself; every house, and every figure being sketched on the very spot, and thence transferred to the canvass. Is not he who labors thus, and then sends the perfected fruit of those labors to our very doors, a public benefactor? And is not the contemplation of such a magnificent work of Art, a rational and innocent amusement for the toil-weary public?

Chapters in the Early History of Michigan.

Our readers have noticed the introductory of a series of articles under this title, and perhaps some are aware that we have been, for something like three years, as opportunity offered, engaged in collecting materials for a book, in which could be preserved those incidents in the lives of the pioneers, so interesting to their descendants.

There are many difficulties attending such an undertaking—the trifles that make up the sum of life are considered of little moment; they are very seldom recorded, and soon forgotten, or so indistinctly remembered that it requires time to recall them; and when procured, the facts are isolated, and it is extremely difficult to obtain reliable information, so connected in time and place as to form a chain of events whose perusal would be interesting to the general reader.

Another, and perhaps the greatest obstacle exists in the active business habits of the people: not until the palsying hand of disease is laid upon them, and the hour of dissolution draws near, do the inhabitants of the new states find themselves at leisure—constant, ceaseless activity is the characteristic of the age, and most emphatically the habit of the West. Being aware of the great value of time, one hesitates to tax the generosity of those best qualified to give information, knowing that the gift, though cheerfully bestowed, involves too great sacrifices to be often required. Yet despite of this we think we shall succeed. Kind friends have already furnished us with a great mass of facts, and we hope to receive aid from all who are interested in the preservation of the early domestic history of the State. We would be most grateful for any statistics that would aid us, and due credit will be given in our pages for all such favors.

It will be noticed that the "Chapters" are copyrighted; they will be first published in the "Cabinet," and eventually be revised and re-published in book-form. One object in their present publication, is to elicit other facts to enable us better to accomplish the task we have undertaken. Will not our friends assist us?